

The Marvelous Vogue of the Automobile.

Fulfillment of Mother Shipton's Prophecy That "Carriages Without Horses Shall Go."

New York City (Special).—The foretold time when "carriages without horses shall go" has come, and the end of the century finds the self-propelling vehicle an established factor of every-day life. This is demonstrated by the organization of the Automobile Club of America for the development of the motor-carriage as a source of sport and pleasure, the formation of a gigantic trust for the commercial exploitation of electric street traction in this country, and the laying of plans for an international race between French and American automobiles—all events of the past few weeks.

So quickly do the "new" things become old, and so readily do people adapt themselves to the marvelous contrivances which modern inventive ingenuity has devised, that the automobile, but a brief time ago unknown, no longer arouses more than a passing curiosity. And yet it is one of the most interesting of latter-day inventions of the annihilation of space and time. In spite of its comparative youth, it may be found everywhere—in Paris, France, and in Paris, Ky. It adapts itself to a multitude of needs, for it may be my lady's victoria or the butcher's cart. It hauls packages and passengers. It runs over country-roads and city asphalt. It diversifies life by the sea and it makes the city streets more interesting than ever. It may be bought, hired or borrowed. It eats no oats or hay, but it may subsist on electricity or feed on petroleum or gasoline. It is good at sprinting or at long-distance travels. It climbs hills, speeds over flat surfaces and it may even turn flip-flaps, as the recent experience of a young experimenter at Newport has demonstrated. Altogether the automobile, in its various manifestations and uses, is an exceedingly

and foreign made machines. For the future, the automobile holds out the promise of a city practically free from the maddening street noises that make modern urban existence more or less a torture. Cobble pavements are laid to resist metal tires and the pounding of steel-shod horses. With every vehicle motor-driven, and every wheel pneumatic-tired, all pavements can be of asphalt. Not only will the rumbling of heavy trucks and the clatter of hoof-beats disappear, but there will be no more tracks to cut up the streets, since electric omnibuses, carrying as many people and moving as swiftly as the electric cars of today, will take the place of street railways. Having already conquered the rail, electricity will then have made itself master of the highway as well. Rapid transit for long distances being supplied by electric trains in clean, cool, brilliantly-lighted subways, the elevated roads will be no more. The removal of the horse from the streets will not only make them noiseless, but will practically solve the problem of street-cleaning, and greatly improve the sanitary conditions of urban life, reducing the amount of street refuse to a minimum. With clean, smooth, rough-frares, through which swift, a-shod, easy-riding vehicles dart noiselessly, it will no longer be necessary to seek the country for rest and quiet.

Once the horseless age is in full swing, every man will have his own automobile, and the bicycle, which has already, to some extent, supplanted the horse, will in turn be shelved, save for purposes of sport. With the universal development of sources of supply of electricity, the automobile will take the place of all other forms of traction, and plings will be provided in the streets from which the automobilist may take his supply of power by a nickle-in-the-slot device, while along rural highways power stations will be established so that journeys of any distance may be undertaken. Even on the farm, auto-wains will do the heavy burden carrying. The horse may still be harnessed to the plow, may still furnish sport on the race-course and riding exercise for the few, but no longer will he be the

versatile and useful thing. In some respects it has threatened to supersede the horse, that faithful animal which has so many times been turned out to die, only to be resurrected to a career of prolonged usefulness. The horse is still with us, and the automobile promises to occupy a very large place in the activities of men, but there is no warfare between the two. It is not possible that the horse will disappear or revert to the five-toed thing he was in remote periods of the world's life. There will always be a field for the horse, at least to browse in, if not for many of the uses for which man has found him indispensable. So that in celebrating the vogue of the automobile there is no reason to chant an elegy of the horse. There are many who will take to the new form of propulsion; there are others who will never forsake the horse.

Some conception of the marvelous expansion of the automobile idea may be gathered from the casual announcement that a contract has recently been made for the manufacture of 4200 electric vehicles, or automobiles, involving an expenditure of over \$8,000,000. That is a large amount for investment, especially in a new enterprise, but if

tion is slight. A charge of electricity for one run may be had for sixty cents. The gasoline for an eleven hundred mile trip, made by a motor-carriage from Cleveland, Ohio, to New York recently, cost less than six dollars; and William G. Tiffany relates that the fuel for a two days' journey through Touraine cost him but three dollars.

M. Charron, of Paris, who was challenged to an international automobile race by Alexander Winton, recently proposed a stake of one hundred thousand francs, the object being to demonstrate the possibilities of American

London's Automobile Mail Carts. Styles of Wagons in Practical Use.

in its own length. It is the facility with which these wagons can be sent around a corner or worked through a winding lane between lines of other wagons and drays that makes the new motor cart valuable.

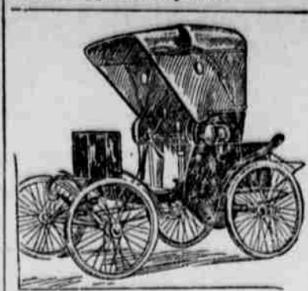
Automobilists in this country are greatly interested in the attempt of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis to make the run to San Francisco in a motor carriage. Their automobile resembles a road phaeton. The motor is concealed under the seat. The driver sits on the left of the seat. With his right hand he controls the direction of the vehicle. Two levers on his left regulate the speed. The automobile must be supplied with gasoline and water every few miles.

France's Most Picturesque General. General the Marquis de Galliffet, the French Secretary of War, shot 35,000 Socialists in 1871. General de Galliffet is the picturesque figure of the Cabinet. He captures the imagination on all sides to be the ablest and most brilliant cavalry officer in Europe. Hale and handsome at seventy his life is one long series of dare-devil adventures in wars and in love. An exploding shell tore open his abdomen in

Mexico, and the French say he carried his entrails in his hat until he found a surgeon. The present coat for his stomach is a silver plate, and he firmly declares that he experiences all the violent fluctuations in the value of the metal. Senator Channey M. Depew says that "his conduct after he defeated the Commune in 1871 is the one incident indelibly impressed with all the horrors of the time upon my memory. He corralled a large section of the population of Paris. As these men and women were driven before him he seized the ends of the fingers of each and bent back the hand. If the palm was black they were shot, the men as participants in the fighting, the women as guilty of incendiarism with petroleum. To the appeals of the old, he answered, 'you have lived long enough,' and of the young, 'it is a mercy to save you from the dangers of living.'"

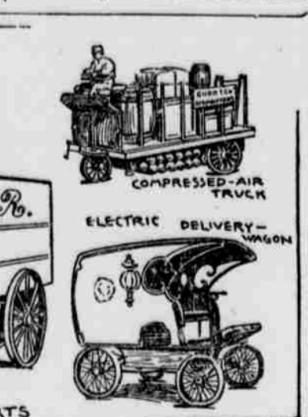
Schoolboy Won the Prize. "Now," said a schoolmaster, as he displayed a bright five-shilling piece between the tips of his finger and thumb, "the first boy or girl that puts a riddle to me which I cannot answer will receive this as a gift." "Any more?" he asked, as soon as silence was restored, and no one had claimed the coin. "Yes, sir," sang out a little fellow from the farther end of the school, "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" "The Prince of Wales," said the master, thoughtfully. "The Prince of Wales?" he repeated to himself. "Really, Johnny, I see no resemblance in you; I'll give it up." "Because," cried the lad joyfully, "I'm waiting for the crown."—London Tit-Bits.

and back of it another case of handsomely polished wood, which is used for the supplementary mails.



"TOURING CAR" FOR THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR. (The automobile in which Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis started for San Francisco from New York City.)

The front wheels of the wagon are small enough to swing under the body of the vehicle. They work on a pivot and the wagon can be turned almost



STYLES OF WAGONS IN PRACTICAL USE.

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SECRETARY OF WAR GALLIFFET.

"The first thing is burning the down off the wand. An immense fire, as big as this room, is burning in the centre, causing a great shower of embers and sparks to fly in the air. Ashes fall on the spectators like snow. It becomes too warm for comfort and you have to protect your face. When the fire is at its height a sound like the notes of a crane is heard, and finally twelve men enter the circle. They are stark naked and are painted in white—men of fine physical appearance, not fat, but live, lean athletes, looking like statues. They move slowly around close to the fire—a fire that you could not approach with your clothes on. They go through all sorts of postures imaginable—classic postures and statuesque postures. They carry on the end of a stick some eagle

prudence. "A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."—Tit-Bits.

INDIANS AS MAGICIANS.

WONDERFUL TRICKS IN LEGERDEMAIN PERFORMED BY RED MEN.

The Aricakerees of North Dakota Dance in Roaring Flames—Corn Trick of the Navajos—Months Spent in Pietistic Symbolic Ceremonies and Feats.

"The greatest magicians I have ever seen," said Dr. Washington Matthews of the United States army, "the most expert in legerdemain, were the Aricakerees Indians, who in my time—in 1865—lived at Fort Berthold, in what is now North Dakota. In the autumn of that year, when the harvest was done and before they went out upon their winter hunt, weeks and months were spent in ceremonies of all kinds, picturesque and symbolic dances, the celebrations and anniversaries of secret societies, etc., among not only the men, but the women and the little children.

"Events of this kind occurred every day and every night. They had in the centre of their village a great medicine lodge, probably ninety feet in diameter, circular in form. In it they had performances every night, and we idle whites, who had nothing else to do, visited these performances more regularly than we would visit the theatres in a city. It was a place of resort with us every night. Part of the lodge was fenced off for the audience, and the rest reserved for the performers. In addition to songs and dances they had exhibitions of legerdemain. I cannot think of all their tricks, for years have rolled by since then. Making little wooden images smoke pipes, putting a stuffed bird on the end of a stick and making it chirp, were among the most amusing. The last trick was probably performed by the use of a reed in the mouth of one of the magicians.

"The fire dance was one of their most interesting performances. They would build a tremendous fire, dance around it, and at a certain point the men would break out and rush into the roaring flames, dance in them and throw the embers madly into the air. It was then time for us to rush out ourselves, because we might be struck by some of the flying brands. Apparently they went into the fire bare-footed and bareheaded. They wore nothing but breechcloths.

"Night after night they had something new. Another trick was apparently to run a knife through a man's arm and let the blood rush out. They would entertain us for hours with songs and dances. No admission was charged, but we frequently made them presents.

"What is the greatest trick you have ever seen among the Navajos?" "The growth of the corn is a very pretty trick. It takes place at night by the uncertain light of the fire, which confuses the eye of the spectator. A party of Indians come in and dance, bearing nothing apparently about them. They form a ring, singing and dancing. The ring opens and there you see growing out of the bare ground of the corral a small plant. They sing awhile and the ring closes again. When it opens a second time the yucca bacata plant is noticed. In Indian rites everything goes by fours. It is their sacred number, as three and seven are sacred numbers with us. There are four acts in the rite. The second is the plant in bud; the third is the plant in flower. The ring closes again and when it opens there is the fruit, with great beans six inches long hanging to it. The explanation is that they bring into the inclosure with them the various parts of the plant, which they deftly place in proper position while the ring is closed during the incantations. They use their blankets to cover the work. For rude people like them, with poor instruments, in the days when they had flint knives, it must have been a great task to prepare for this trick. Our wax workers and toy makers would not find it difficult. The Indians in the audience believe the dancers to be gifted with supernatural power. The performance is partly religious worship and partly amusement. It is partly a view of making abundant fruit and partly for entertainment. The elements of amusement and religion go hand in hand everywhere. The spectacular and the devotional are almost inseparable. The only place where they disappear is at a quaker meeting.

"The fire dance, perhaps the most interesting ceremony of the Navajos," said Dr. Matthews, is held in a great corral, 200 or 300 feet in diameter. In the centre a great fire is built, around which the dancers perform. On the sides and all around the inclosure smaller fires are lighted for the comfort of the spectators, and about them the onlookers gather. The dance is always held in winter, on cold, frosty nights, with stars twinkling brightly overhead—"the eyes of wolves," as Longfellow says. Inside this fire-lighted circle great showers of sparks fall all over the corral.

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down, their object being to burn it off in the fire. They do not appear to suffer from the heat of the fire, but how they avoid it is not certain. They make all the play and appearance as though their task was difficult, and it certainly is terrible punishment to approach near enough to the flames to burn off the down. Some rush up quickly and burn it; others twist and turn, apparently without much suffering. They dart at the fire and then retreat, to return again, turning and turning, and finally the down is burned from all the sticks.

"Then the task is to restore it. They continue to dance and dip their wands into the flames, and suddenly, as though by magic, the ball of down is back again. When this is done they call the cry of the sandhill crane and rush out of the inclosure. It is easy to explain how the down is restored. The performers hold in the hand a ball of down and some pitch, and by some dexterous motions, too quick for the eye to discern in the light of the fire, they fasten the down by catching the end of the stick. The performers, of course, use every effort to make it appear difficult, and show crafty movements, somewhat similar to those of the sleight-of-hand men on the stage.

"That band retires, and toward morning, just before dawn, when the great fire has burned down and become a heap of embers, they or a similar band return, bearing in their arms bundles of shored cedar bark. After songs and ceremonies the leader of the dance lights his in the fire, and with that he lights those of the other performers. When these great bunches of dry cedar are ablaze, and it would appear that the faces and hands of the performers would be burned, they begin a wild race around the fire. The object is to whip the man in front with fire. Each man runs over the embers with his bare feet. When they catch up with the man in front they flagelette him with the burning wands. Sometimes they wrap them around his body. They continue to tear around the fire until the torches are entirely burned. Then they throw down the stump that remains in their hands, rush out of the corral and disappear in the darkness.

"These men look like marble statues, and as they rush about in the weird light of the dying fire, with blazing torches in their hands from which the fire streams six or eight feet, it is a grand spectacle. The question is whether the cedar bark ignites at a low temperature and does not emit a burning heat, or whether the white clay with which the Indians coat their bodies is an excellent non-conductor. The latter I think is the secret. These tricks are performed during the ceremony of the Mountain Chant. All the night is given over to them.

"Have you ever known a Navajo to go on the platform and perform his tricks?" I asked.

"I have never known of such a thing. I do not know that anyone has ever tried to induce them. They might be induced, but whether they would give a satisfactory performance is a question. Out of their native country, with their primitive surroundings, the great starry sky overhead, the fires burning in the corrals, and with their unique situation, it is very impressive. I do not know what would be the effect if the tricks were tried on a stage."—Chicago Record.

FIRST CAMP MEETING IN AMERICA.

It Was Held at Russellville, Kentucky, a Century Ago.

"The effect of the McGee brothers' preaching—especially of John McGee—at a Presbyterian quarterly meeting on the banks of Red river, in Kentucky, was so startling, and seemed so clearly to indicate that it was the result of Divine energy or some mysterious force possessed by the preacher, that the news of the occurrence spread rapidly in all directions throughout that part of the state and attracted unbounded interest," writes Clifford Howard in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"If it did not at once awaken a responsive religious feeling, it at least excited curiosity, and when it was learned that the McGee brothers were to hold a meeting at Russellville, Kentucky, a newly settled town in Logan county, near the Muddy river, persons from all parts of the adjoining country, irrespective of their religious beliefs or church allegiance, prepared to attend.—It soon became evident that the four walls of a country house would not suffice to hold the large numbers that were making ready to go to Russellville. The problem thus presented was solved by determining to hold the meeting in the open air. Those coming from a distance were prepared to camp; it would be no hardship to them to remain out-of-doors. The recent experience at Red river had proved this. It was not expected by those who were coming that the lodging accommodations at the village of Russellville would be sufficient by any means. Why, therefore, attempt to house the people? Prepare a camping ground, and let the meeting be a 'camp meeting.' This, then, was the origin of camp meetings; and the first one held in America was on the banks of the Muddy river, near Russellville, Kentucky, in the month of August, 1799—100 years ago. Not that religious worship had never before been held in the open air, but the special feature of camping out and the nature of the services made the camp meeting a distinctive institution and characterized this particular gathering on Muddy river as the first of its kind."

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KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

HOT IRON HEALED.

Employee's Arm Pierced by a Piece of Metal—The Heat Cauterized the Wound and Prevented Bleeding to Death.

Cornelius Miller, an employee of the Pennsylvania bolt and nut works, at Lebanon, had a miraculous escape from death a few days ago. He was struck by a sharp piece of hot iron which pierced his arm, going through it and severing an artery. As the blood gushed from the wound it struck the red hot iron, which cooked the surrounding flesh, completely cauterizing the wound and stopping the flow of blood to such an extent that there was time to get the man to a physician. He said that had the man been struck with cold iron instead of hot, he would have bled to death before aid could have reached him.

The following pensions were granted last week: Conrad Bower, Reading, \$6; William Haas, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Erie, \$6; Judson Fursman, Indiana, \$8; William C. Brown, Picketown, Dauphin, \$8; Charles A. Aughinbaugh (dead), Harrisburg, \$6; William Ryan, Shenandoah, \$6; John Manning, Broad Top Huntingdon, \$7; Conrad Hoover, Beaverston, Snyder, \$10; Henry Shoop, New Salem, York, \$8; David W. McMillen, Dixonville, Indiana, \$8; Adam Mersheimer, New Castle, Lawrence, \$8; Henry Scriet, Sylvania, Franklin, \$8; George W. Cruise, Altoona, \$18; Daniel Brink, Bloomsburg, \$10. Widows, etc.—Mary Quinn, Muncy, \$8; Mary E. Hughes, Hughesville, Lycoming, \$8; Caroline Rider, Bellefonte, \$12; Agnes Gull, Johnstown, \$8; Benjamin Siesler, Trevorton, Northumberland, \$8; Andrew J. Killian, Lancaster, \$12; Lewis C. Tissue, Fayette Springs, \$6; Archibald Hickman, Jefferson, Grant, \$8; Robert H. Long, Gettysburg, \$8; Henry Fisher, Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland, \$14; Elisha B. Bard, Blairsville, \$12. Widows—Nancy McCrackin, Elderton, Armstrong, \$8; Mary A. Sweeney, Beaver Falls, \$8; Martha J. Isham, Sunnyside, Allegheny, \$8; Margaret Metcalfe, Pittsburg, \$8; Emma C. Myers, Altoona, \$8. War with Spain—Rose A. Moran, Scranton, \$12; J. W. Walker, Mechanicsburg, \$6; Patrick Sullivan, Scranton, \$12; John A. Nagle, St. Boniface Cambria county, \$8; William H. Porter, Pittsburg, \$8; Margaret Johnson, Terrytown, Bradford county, \$12.

Charles Wheeler, a young man who has been at Greensburg several weeks, was arrested the other morning by Chief Bomer on a telegram from the chief of police of Johnstown, saying: "Escaped prisoner, badly man." The sheriff of Oshkosh, Wis., came on at noon, but on going to the lockup found Wheeler was not the person wanted and he was released. Mr. Wheeler will now institute proceedings against the city of Johnstown for false arrest.

Buffalo Bill suffered a loss at Beaver Falls last week when one of his show cars was almost entirely destroyed. James Noble, master of transportation, was handling Edward Sullivan, a porter, a can of gasoline, when it exploded from the hot and scattered its burning contents all over the car. Noble escaped, but Sullivan was horribly burned, as was a canvassman named Edward Parker, who was sick and lying in a berth in the burning car. Both men were taken to the hospital.

A disastrous fire broke out in the village of Mill Creek, five miles north of Wilkesbarre, a few days ago. The following properties were destroyed: George Sheldock's hotel; Samuel Middleman's general store; three new blocks in course of erection by James McGinty, and two dwellings owned by Mrs. John Inney. Loss, \$10,000. The fire is said to be of incendiary origin.

Stephen Remy fell from a scaffolding down among the whirling machinery of an engine which he was repairing, the other day, and in a moment was almost literally torn limb from limb. The accident took place at the Pittsburg locomotive works in Allegheny. When the workmen succeeded in disengaging the unfortunate man from the engine he was dead. Remy was 45 years of age.

Private Albert McVeigh, of Charleston, W. Va., Company G, Twenty-seventh regiment, was killed, and Private Gould, of the same company and regiment, was fatally injured last week at Camp Meade while attempting to alight from a freight train. McVeigh was 19 years old, and Gould is 18 years. Both were natives of Charleston, where they enlisted.

Lewis Kamerer, an employe of the flouring mill of the Mercer Milling and Lumber company, of Mercer, was killed a few days ago while engaged in starting the gas engine which is used in putting the engine in motion. He slipped and struck Kamerer on the head, crushing his skull and killing him almost instantly. He leaves a wife and five children.

Ernest Tische, an expert bicycle rider of New Castle, is lying at his home with a broken collar-bone, which he received in a peculiar manner. He was riding on one of the streets, when a chicken ran out into the road, and the bicycle ran over it. Tische was thrown at least ten feet, alighting with the results above.

Harry Ketzler, aged 21 years, and whose home is in York, went to Dover to visit an uncle. He was brought back a corpse Wednesday, having met his death while riding a bicycle. A small dog ran in front of the wheel and the unfortunate young man was thrown heavily upon his head, dying a few hours afterward.

Capt. James S. Graham, 68 years old, a veteran of the Civil War, committed suicide a few days ago at Middletown by shooting himself. He was despondent because of an illness from which he had been a long sufferer and did not yield to treatment. He was unmarried and had considerable property.

John Stump, a farmer of Penn township, near Greensburg, attended the Reformed church reunion at Connoct Lake Thursday and had his pocket picked and \$75 taken.

Walter Goetman, of Rochester, while riding on his wheel the other night, collided with another cyclist, and was thrown with such force as to fracture his skull.

John McGlynn, aged 20 years, while sitting on a platform of a Pittsburg & Western excursion train had his head crushed by the timbers of a trestle.

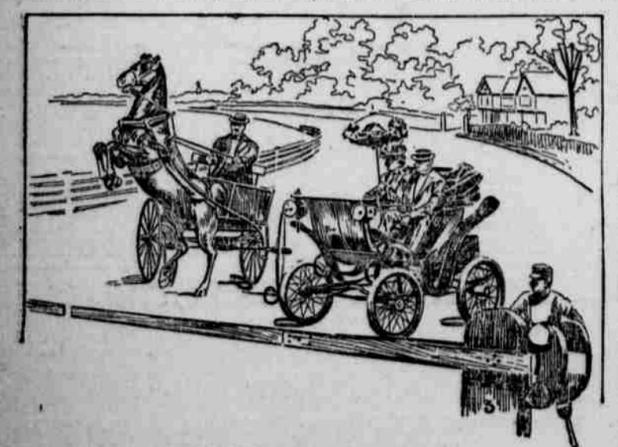
Lynn Kespewski, a Pole, 14 years old, was instantly killed by a train on the Southwest branch of the Pennsylvania railroad at Scottdale.

James Henry, while riding on a shifter the other night in the yards at Freeport, at the West Penn Junction, fell off under the wheels and had one leg crushed below the knee.

Chief of Police W. M. Cannon, of Latrobe, was suspended by Burgess Eisman, charged with disorderly conduct and absence from town without permission.

John Beveridge, of Fayette City, was instantly killed on the Pennsylvania road east of Greensburg. He was 43 years old and married.

The barn belonging to the Brush Creek Lutheran parsonage, at Adamsburg, with all its contents, was burned to the ground Monday night.



(Adapted by H. Bartholomew from Harper's Weekly.) AN OBJECT LESSON AT A GRADE CROSSING.

it proves anything, it proves that the automobile is no inconsiderable factor in modern life, and that the making and using of electric cars and carts have assumed vast proportions. A motor carriage is expensive to begin with; but, taking into consideration that there are no horses to be bought with it, the extra cost is more apparent than real. An electric car costs some fifteen hundred dollars to build, and the more delicate and elegant private vehicles run up into the thousands. But the expense of opera-

chief bearer of man's burdens. Who will say he has not earned rest? The General Postoffice automobile mail carts are being subjected to a severe test by the postal authorities of London, and it is believed that they will be put in general use. Those who have watched the new vehicle say they are faster than any that have yet been tried. Their appearance is up to date in every way. Imagine a wagon, not unlike the mail wagons of New York with an immense hood over the driver's seat,